

Musings of a Slave Girl

What happened to our power?

God dwells in my womb, and I infused Him into the essence of the black man from the beginning.

From the start you were a KING....

Royal blood staining the fabric of time with contributions to a society that never wanted you, never respected me....

God dwells in your hands.

You are the architect, the builder...

Why didn't you strike the chains!?

Why did you LET them take you from our solace, take you from me?

My crown of gold replaced with dingy pewter...

Milked like a COW for my wisdom, my sex, my nurturing, my pain, my love of the world as my creation that I was never allowed to claim!

You LET the weak come in and take us like prizes, like trinkets...

We were given the power but you let your inconsistencies with God settle your spirit.

You let the fire die down long enough for them to swoop in and TAKE what is ours.

You let them tear us apart...

Our bond was akin to Alma.

Feeding of souls and maintaining of the mind...

The destruction caused, still resonates in modern times with miscommunication and perpetual infidelity...

You are my unimprovable savior...so I had to save myself which caused you to feel emasculated.

Crabs in a bucket doomed to crack shells on the hard, rough, cold bottom while they reach in to grab the crabs that can sing, the crabs that can dance, the football throwing crabs, the basketball crabs!

We are plucked from obscurity for entertainment purposes, but as soon as we let the light within us shine TOO bright, *snap* They close the lid...

And boil us alive...

They consume our culture because we are their sustenance.

How could you let the love for us and our love for the world dwindle down to ashes?

Answer me....